

*Chas. Davis*

BURTON-WOOD.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

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B Y A L A D Y.

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VOLUME II.

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L O N D O N :  
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BURTON WOOD.  
C. LAND

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ELLEN BATEMAN *to Miss* STOCKLEY.

O maddim, wot a pore misarebel retch  
I ham. — my marster as kil'd the  
curnel, and my misers has bin in fits evir  
senge. — Wilyem his destructed, and swares  
like a truper, and says, if has how he  
now'd hu made my marster gallows, he  
woude certanely kil him. — I beleves in my  
hart he respects me, for he has gloutede  
mortalely evir senge he hard me sa the  
curnel was fond of my misers. Wel, I  
Vol. II.      A 3      cartanly

cartanly wishes I hadden bin so wickid. Bit I begs pardin, maddim, I am sure I donte mene to caste no inflections; but wen one nows al this mescchef is partely wuns one duing why it makes won mallincoly, as a boddy ma fa. — Nobbody as never fene nuthing at al of my marster sence. Wilyem safe he beleves as how hes gone beond see, and mahap he ma be takene by the frensh. Vot a fine kittel of fish I ave made ont, as the saaing is. I begs, maddim, you wil tri to git me antuher place, for I supposes I shant sta here long. Lord be gude unto me, places are no inherithons, now adase, and purhaps I ma live upon my one hands, as a boddy ma fa. And so I concludes your dewtiful

respected sarvant,

ELLIN BATMEN.

*Captain*

*Captain WILLIAMS to Mrs. M. STANLEY.*

**I**T is with the deepest reluctance I find myself under a necessity of giving pain to the worthiest of human beings. (Such is the characteristic of the amiable Mrs. Stanley.) Arm yourself, dear madam, against the shocking intelligence I am obliged to communicate. — The ill-fated colonel Beville conjured me to soften every circumstance to you relative to this horrid affair. — But truth impells me to declare I was this morning a melancholy witness to a duel between him and the unfortunate Mr. Stanley, in which the former received a mortal wound. — Yes, madam, the two inseparables fought; owing, as I guess, to some dreadful misapprehension. — Fatal

has the contest proved to my beloved Francis, who now lies in those convulsive agonies which precede a final dissolution. —It may be some consolation to be told, your husband immediately set off for the continent, and I imagine, by the time you receive this, he will be out of danger of pursuit. I am, madam,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

*Mr.*



Mr. MARSHALL to Miss STOCKLEY.

**B**EHOLD the dread effects of cruel revenge and illicit wishes! — A once-happy family made for ever miserable, and a worthy gentleman sacrificed to unjust suspicion. — Stockley, retribution is not far distant. — Those awful charms will not secure thee from the piercing woundings of an irritated conscience. — The scene I so lately beheld, has *indeed* awakened mine. — Why did I close with thy detestable proposals? — Why consent to be an agent in such execrable designs? — Monster that I am, to destroy the fame of a woman whose virtue I found impregnable, and stab the peace of my *guardian—friend—protector!* — Yes, those were the words that  
excellent

excellent creature adopted,\* to strike my mind with a sense of the atrocious act I had premeditated.—Dreadful recollection! How it tears my bursting heart!—One moment must be allowed to poignant sorrow.—This overcharged bosom demands relief—

\* \* \* \* \*

You may guess how earnest I was to execute your commands, which perfectly accorded with my own desires, when I assure you I reached Stanhope-street by nine that evening.—In answer to my hasty enquiry, the servant informed me, Col. Beville went out some hours before in a hired chaise accompanied by one gentleman, and with only one attendant.—Almost frantic, I conjured the man, to tell me, if possible, what road they took.—

The

\* See Maria's note to Marshall, Vol. I.

The poor fellow, guessing, by my distracted looks, that my business was of the utmost consequence, said, he could only direct me to the inn from whence the chaise was taken. — I flew to the place, and found it was hired to go to Rochester. — This being on the way to Burton-wood, I staid not for refreshment, but immediately followed them, nor stopped but to change horses till I came to Rochester. — They had left that place; from thence I traced them to a small village, and passing through a paltry inn-yard, met—Stanley. — He started when he saw me, I seized his reluctant hand, and pressed to know what had induced him to rise at so early an hour. (It was then scarcely four o'clock.) “I might undoubtedly retort  
“the question, Marshall, but it is enough  
“to

“to say business called me hither.”—The dejected and gloomy air, which prevailed through his whole form, froze my soul. His dress was careless, and his manner indicated extreme distress. I was at that moment tempted to discover the horrid plot, the infernal success of which had wrought such a striking change in the noble fellow.—O that I had explained the whole of that shocking mystery! With pleasure would I have submitted to the mortal stroke which insulted goodness might justly have levelled against a heart so foul and corrupt as Marshall’s. But, struck with an idea that Anna Stockley’s ruin would be involved in mine, I suppressed the important truth, and innocence became a sacrifice to blackest guilt.—Inly determined to prevent the catastrophe



troupe I so much dreaded, it was with difficulty Stanley eluded my watchful eye, which in spite of my vigilance he found means to do.—My enquiries were for some time ineffectual, till the hostler informed me he saw three gentlemen go through a small gateway leading to an adjoining meadow. Quick as lightening I darted into the inclosure.—But, O my God! what a scene!—Captain Williams, (whom I immediately knew,) supporting the fainting colonel, vainly attempting to stop the vast effusion of blood which flowed from his wounded breast! — Stanley, leaning against a tree, his hands clasped together, his eyes fixed upon the dying Beville with mournful eagerness, and such a mixture of terror and compassion as would have awakened pity in the hardest nature!—Before the unfortunate combatants were separated,

separated, Beville grasped the hand of our wretched friend, and, in tremulous accents, uttered, "O Stanley—some cruel enemy — has wrought this — bloody deed.—Thy wife is chaste as a vestal.— I forgive thee, Henry, but thou wilt find—too late."—

HE could not articulate another syllable, but was carried off almost insensible.—

JUST as we were quitting the sanguine spot, a gentleman, who was to have been Stanley's second, approached. He was apparently shocked at the sight of his friend, who had appointed him some moments after the dreadful time.—But Stanley's precipitation would not permit him to wait.—By this gentleman's persuasion, he was induced to leave the fatal place. When we were got to some distance, Stanley stopped

stopped—and turning to me suddenly, in  
 a most affecting tone, said — “ Marshall,  
 “ should you see her, say I forgive her,  
 “ and mean in foreign climes to dissipate  
 “ a miserable existence. — Convey these  
 “ letters to Burton-wood,—*they* will speak  
 “ my sentiments.” (These letters were to  
 his wife and mother.) Looking upon his  
 hand, which retained the sanguine marks  
 of his late engagement.—“ This blood,  
 “ perhaps is Beville’s ! — Should it be un-  
 “ justly spilt, whose guilt can exceed mine?  
 “ — God of justice, acquit a wretch who  
 “ fought but to clear his injured fame.”—  
 He then threw himself at the foot of a  
 blasted oak, nor stirred till a chaise arrived,  
 which captain Williams had provided,  
 and took him from the sight of that mon-  
 ster, who, in concurrence with his venge-  
 ful

ful adherent, had been the cause of that dreadful scene.—

AFTER this departure, I went back to the inn, and found Stanley had been there some days, telling the people he must stay till the arrival of some friends, who were to accompany him to France.—

THUS far is Stockley's vengeance satisfied. Does she meditate still greater mischief against these hapless victims? surely she means not to irritate the wrath of heaven more strongly against her!—Here then let me implore her, in the most pathetic manner, to stop, nor endeavour to increase crimes which need no aggravation.—Would to God it were in my power to relieve this distressed family!—But for Stockley, I had, ere this, made the most humiliating confession. Alas! what can



now restore peace to the injured Henry and Maria? — Yet I must try. — But no more. — Adieu, madam, adieu for ever.

*Miss STOCKLEY to Mrs. MONTFORD.*

**M**ONTFORD, he's safe. — The object of my tenderest wishes is safe. — Marshall's a cowardly fool. — Frightened at blood, his tender conscience has worked up *such* an epistle! — But does he think the spiritless expostulation of a disappointed puling youth can aught affect intrepid Stockley's soul? — Avaunt each disagreeable reflection, since the lord of my earnest wishes is still free to reward the most passionate flame that ever animated the female bosom! — It is true, when

Stanley's life was at stake, I felt the pangs of infernal torment. But, ascertained of his safety, hope once again dispersed her cheerful radiance o'er Anna's heart. And would you believe it, the scornful Henry left this island without one kind remembrance.—Not even the smallest token that cold unfeeling civility could dictate!—No matter.—He is separated from his wife.—There is ground enough to go upon.—I will try the temper of his heart. Can it be impenetrable to the wishes of a languishing lady?—But O Maria!—Maria, thou art still adored!—Still dost thou pluck at the very heart-strings of my noble soldier! But for *thee*, Beville had still been living.—'Twas Stanley's unprecedented affection for *thee*, more than my machinations, that wrought that gallant fellow's death. Yes,  
Montford,

Montford, Stanley has killed the colonel.  
—'Tis pity!—There, indeed, the effects of  
love and vengeance out-ran my intentions.  
—But we must take the chance of acci-  
dents, when engaged in such enterprises.

Montford, this letter betrays marks of  
that incoherence and inconsistency I have  
so often censured in others.—But thou  
knowest enough of Stockley's sentiments  
to place them to a proper account.—  
Adieu.—My next will be from Ostend.—

*Mr. STANLEY to MARIA.*

**A**ND canst thou, in defiance of incontestible facts, plead innocence. At least, I thought thee incapable of hardened wickedness. — No, Maria, thou art not condemned upon circumstances alone, tho' they were sufficient to prove thy duplicity. — Your wretched husband's eyes were witness to your culpable conduct. — Alas! that Stanley should accuse Maria of inconstancy! — Ah! couldst thou, at this instant, behold the horrid effects of thine inhumanity, (I must call it so,) it might, for one moment, perhaps, soften the callosity of that heart I once thought tenderness itself. — Mistaken idea! — Cruel wife!

BUT



BUT I will complain no longer. — Thy minion shall feel my just revenge. — Or Stanley's life or Beville's must be the dreadful sacrifice to thy — what shall I name it? —

I LEAVE you, Maria, for ever leave you. — Should the bar to thy fancied felicity be removed, Beville may triumph, and Maria be *wretched*! — Yes, it must be so. — Think as thou mayst, happiness was never yet the portion of the — Fill up the chasm. — Inclosed are indubitable proofs of thy treachery.\* —

B 3

Mr.

\* See the supposed correspondence between the colonel and Maria, in vol. I.

Mr. STANLEY to Mrs. STANLEY, *sen.*

**S**HALL an ancient mother plead to her only son, and plead in vain?—Shall the feeble knees of a virtuous matron be humbled to the ground without effect?—Yes, such are the unmerited wrongs of the wretched Stanley,—that vain are the tender pleadings of a revered parent, — and equally vain the elaborate defence of an artful—what shall I call her?

O madam—*Maria was* my life my soul : —*she is* my destruction!—Adieu, dearest mother. — Transfer your affection for a wretched son to his helpless offspring.—Indeed, the tenderness of your nature makes this request unnecessary, from the still dutiful, but miserable,

STANLEY.

MARIA

## MARIA STANLEY to Lady TREVOR.

**I**S there a wretch on earth whose situation can compare with that of the lost Maria? — What various distresses croud to this grief-worn heart! In one short month, deprived of an adoring husband, a once unfulfilled character blighted, enfeebled by sickness,—and, to close the awful account, O Isabel, the innocent cause of an amiable man's death!—Start not, my friend, at the horrid information. — Stanley has killed Beville,—and yet Maria *lives*. God of pity and consolation, spare the unhappy man, who (following the infernal dictates of maddening jealousy) has deserted an innocent family, to destroy whose happiness (so closely connected with his own) must

have torn the fibres of a once-doating heart! — O may thy tender goodness and forgiving mercy suggest, in soft whisperings, that repentance so effectually necessary to rouse him to a sense of his crime.— That done, thou gracious being, infuse the lenient balm of comfort to soothe and compose his troubled mind.—

FATHER, son, and husband,—endearing sounds!—never more must ye bless the ear of wretchedness. Stanley has given up all claim to the sweet the affectionate titles.— Never more shall the welcome names strike responsive to the matron's heart. — Alas! *that* heart is almost dead to the poignant sense of its unprecedented miseries. — And yet, when I think of past felicity and present pain, the dreadful contrast sheds anguish indescribable on this tortured soul!

YET



YET let me be patient, lady Trevor.—  
The blow was sudden, but surely fatal.  
—A few weeks since, and where was friendship equal to that of Beville's and Stanley's?  
When, lo! that harpy, base Suspicion, with all her attendant furies from the infernal deep, has instigated my husband to the much-lamented act! — Isabel, *dearest* Isabel, adieu for ever.

Mrs.

*Mrs. STANLEY to Lady TREVOR.*

PENETRATED with indescribable anguish, the unhappy mother of the wretched Stanley ventures to address lady Trevor.—O my dear, how will you receive this heart-affecting intelligence? — The amiable Maria, overpowered with her intolerable sufferings, is almost insensible to every thing but her distressed situation.— Were you now to see her, what would be your feelings? — She heeds not the infant prattling by her side, nor discovers aught but a painful sense of piercing grief. Yesterday she came to my closet, and, laying her snowy hand upon her bosom, seemed to listen, as if counting the vibrations of an agonising heart, — “ Still (says she) it  
“ beats! —

“beats!—Poor flutterer!—Will not that  
“heavy storm of deep distress, which un-  
“just calumny has raised, yet silence thy  
“painful throbbings? — Alas! forsaken  
“heart, who claims an interest in thee  
“now? — Stanley rejects thy faith and  
“truth. — No more shalt thou vibrate re-  
“sponsive to his own.—Dead to all feelings  
“but those excited by cruel sorrow, soon  
“must this painful tumult cease.”—Then  
pausing for an instant, she fixed her heavy  
eyes on me, deprived, alas! of all their  
sweetness. — “Tell him, madam, Maria  
“was *ever* the votary of virtue.—No, Stan-  
“ley, though thou hast murdered Beville,  
“deserted a hapless wife, and loaded an  
“ancient mother with distress, yet, in the  
“sincerity of my soul, I protest, ill-  
“grounded as my grief has been the sole cause  
“of these and all evils. — But I forgive  
“thee,

“thee, Henry;—future time must clear  
“my clouded fame.” — Then turning to  
me,—“Think you, my mother,—Stan-  
“ley will refuse to see his hapless victim,  
“when, enveloped in the awful shades of  
“death, her pale corpse shall claim his  
“last attention?—But O cruel Henry, to  
“cause these soul-piercing drops of for-  
“row!”—And with her handkerchief she  
wiped away the tears that bedewed an aged  
parent’s cheek. — This, madam, is a spe-  
cimen of her affecting behaviour. — Since  
yesterday she has taken to her bed; — the  
sweetest flower that ever was blighted by  
the chilling frost of barbarous misappre-  
hension!—Her heart is broken. She can-  
not sustain the load of misery that presses  
upon her tortured mind.—Dear lady Tre-

vor,



vor, I will not attempt an apology for thus interesting you in this melancholy subject, the attention you have ever shewn my sweet Maria will countenance parental tendernefs.—

*Lady*

*Lady TREVOR to Mrs. STANLEY. sen.*

**O** Mrs. Stanley, that infamous Stockley! I have scarcely patience to write the horrid name. — She it is has caused the most shocking calamity that ever involved an innocent family in disgrace and ruin! — Is it necessary, my dear madam, to confer the highest obligations, and most accumulated favours:—Is it necessary to be all that is amiable, all that is excellent, merely to become the objects of barbarous hatred and illicit passions? If so, we need not wonder at the horrid situation of Henry and Maria.—Excuse me, I cannot proceed; my heart is, at this instant, overwhelmed with sorrow. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

I will now endeavour to explain the cause of this incoherent beginning.—Yesterday evening, while weeping over my beloved Maria's heart-breaking lines, a servant informed me an English gentleman begged permission to attend me,—but would not send up his name.—A gleam of hope shot through my very soul.—'Tis Stanley, I cried; this moment introduce him.—My heart exulted in the thought of *attempting*, at least, to clear my afflicted friend. Immediately entered—not Stanley—but an elegant young gentleman.—My countenance expressed severe disappointment.—I pointed to a chair.—“No, madam, he said, it is not for *guilty* Marshall to sit in the presence of Mrs. Stanley's friend.”—The words, *guilty Marshall*, struck me.—Maria had informed me of his culpable conduct respecting herself, and I imagined

imagined it was that he hinted at.—Falling on his knees, he burst into tears. “O  
“ madam, (he said) you see before you  
“ the horrid incendiary who has ruined  
“ an angel, and destroyed the happiness  
“ of his best, his only, friend!—Would to  
“ heaven my death might expiate the at-  
“ trocious fault!”—I had not power to  
offer any other interruption than to bid him rise; which he did, and assumed the attitude of poignant distress, while the tear of contrition stood confessed in his downcast eye.

“ PERHAPS (said he) your ladyship  
“ knows not I had the presumptuous vil-  
“ lainsy to treat the wife of my guardian  
“ with a freedom totally repugnant to that  
“ immaculate purity which is her distin-  
“ guishing characteristic, and that I met  
“ with



“ with the contempt such abominable  
 “ baseness deserved.—It is indeed too true,  
 “ —and alas most true, —that, in conse-  
 “ quence of her noble resentment, I en-  
 “ tered into the designs of a wicked  
 “ abetter, and sought to destroy the hap-  
 “ piness of one, who, from the general  
 “ tenor of her conduct, was entitled to the  
 “ highest adoration. — The infernal spirit  
 “ that prompted me was—Miss Stockley !”

Good heavens! if the dreadful artillery  
 of the skies had that moment rattled above  
 my head, it could not have produced a  
 more terrible effect!——

“ STOCKLEY! — Gracious powers! is it  
 “ possible! — What she whose obligations  
 “ to the injured family were of such a na-  
 “ ture as to preclude the most distant pos-  
 “ sibility of a return ?”——

“YES, madam, that very woman who  
“ received—but I need not enumerate par-  
“ ticulars.—Listen, dear Madam, with patience  
“ to the horrid facts I have yet to utter.—  
“ You have need of fortitude.—But I am  
“ determined to clear the sullied fame of  
“ Mrs. Stanley, though my own appear in  
“ the blackest light. You may be amazed  
“ that Miss Stockley could concert any  
“ scheme for the destruction of a family to  
“ whom she owed such recent obligations !  
“ But, O lady Trevor, she had unhappily  
“ conceived a passion for the lieutenant,  
“ from the commencement of their ac-  
“ quaintance, which received additional  
“ strength from the violence of her dispo-  
“ sition, and the severity of her disappoint-  
“ ment, and she consequently detested the  
“ innocent preventer of her bliss.—Deter-  
“ mined

“ mined to effect a separation between the  
“ happy pair, she took advantage of (what  
“ I now blush to call) my passion for Mrs.  
“ Stanley, and prompted me to write that  
“ letter which met with a severe, though  
“ just reception. — Blinded by mortified  
“ vanity and diabolic revenge, I was fa-  
“ tally persuaded to join in her destructive  
“ plan, and her prolific brain invented se-  
“ veral letters, which threw a criminal  
“ shade upon the actions of colonel Beville  
“ and Mrs. Stanley. — Their writing was  
“ imitated to the greatest nicety. — These  
“ letters were conveyed to the lieutenant’s  
“ notice by the means of an ignorant ser-  
“ vant, whose honesty Miss Stockley’s  
“ bounty had corrupted. — Various were  
“ the methods employed to infuse the  
“ blackest suspicions into the mind of the

“ noble Stanley. — Here, madam, (giving me a packet,\*) is the whole of a  
 “ correspondence, which may tend to elucidate this shocking business, and corroborate my evidence. — Mr. Stanley is in  
 “ France. — I think at St. Omers. —  
 “ There is no doubt you will make a proper use of those letters, which will most  
 “ certainly undeceive the miserable husband, and clear the fame of a faultless  
 “ wife.

“ For me, lady Trevor, (and he clasped his hands with inconceivable agony,) for  
 “ me remains the excruciating consideration, — that I have helped to destroy a  
 “ worthy gentleman, and, where my best services were due, have cancelled the  
 “ obligation by actions which give me the  
 “ utmost

\* See Marshall and Stockley's correspondence.



“utmost horror to review. A few days  
 “hence, I shall be on my passage to a far-  
 “distant clime. — Europe shall no longer  
 “contain so black a monster. — Only one  
 “more request—(and he again fell upon  
 “his knees) — plead with the suffering  
 “pair, not to execrate the wretched Mar-  
 “shall.”

HE then, (though I wished a farther ex-  
 planation of the atrocious confederacy)  
 departed, and left me almost stupified with  
 terror. — Sir James immediately set off for  
 St. Omers, and will leave no method un-  
 tried to restore Stanley to his unhappy  
 Maria. — But, O madam, should death  
 claim that drooping excellence in conse-  
 quence of her present calamities, then will  
 Henry’s wretchedness be complete.

Adieu, dearest Madam.

*Lady TREVOR to Mrs. STANLEY, Sen.*

**L**ITTLE did I imagine Stockley's fate could excite aught but thankfulness to heaven for the welcome deliverance from such a monster of inhumanity! — Yet the tale I have to relate demands the tear of pity. — Even *you*, madam, must shudder at the signal vengeance that has overtaken the wretched creature.

NOTWITHSTANDING the most particular enquiry after our unhappy friend, at St. Omers, Sir James could not obtain the smallest intelligence, and left that place disappointed and unhappy. — Driving through a village, some distance from thence, the horses, from the carelessness of  
of

of the post-lad, ran against a gentleman and beat him down. — My husband left the chaise to assist the person, who proved to be — the object of his present pursuit.

STANLEY immediately recognised Sir James, as they received their education at one school, though many years had elapsed since that period.

HE endeavoured to avoid my husband's presence; and it was with much difficulty Stanley was persuaded to adjourn to a house in the village. They went to a private room, and Sir James explained the whole of that infernal transaction so pathetically described by Marshall; and likewise read those papers containing the iniquitous correspondence. Stanley listened with the most earnest attention, but when he heard the dreadful account of Maria's insanity,

heart-rending groans burst from his loaded bosom, and he fell senseless to the ground. Vain was every application, and for some time he seemed totally void of recollection; when, starting from the torpid delirium, his whole frame was shaken with agonies which cannot be described.

DURING the height of this pathetic distress, a lady burst into the room, and betrayed the greatest confusion at Stanley's affecting appearance. But imagination can scarcely picture a scene so inconceivably dreadful as the following: —

HENRY no sooner beheld the person, (for, O Madam, it was Miss Stockley!) than he snatched up a pistol, mechanically as it were, and presented it at her. My husband caught the instrument of fate from his hand. Striking his forehead with a clenched



clenched fist, "O Sir James, (he said,) take  
 " the murderer from my sight;—let her not  
 " sink my miserable soul to deeper perdition.  
 " Monster, begone!—My brain's on fire!—  
 " I cannot bear thy detested presence."—She  
 held him by the coat, and falling on her  
 knees, with a most terrifying wildness of  
 aspect,—“ If, (says she,) I have acted dero-  
 “ gatory to the nice decorums of my sex,—  
 “ if I merit the vile epithets thou brandest  
 “ me with, — for whose sake have I pur-  
 “ chased the indelible disgrace?—Is it not  
 “ for *thee*, ungrateful Stanley? — Is it not  
 “ for thy sake, Stockley is rendered hateful  
 “ to heaven,—the world,—and herself?—  
 “ But do not triumph, Sir.—Half my wishes  
 “ are obtained.—Maria is the victim of a just  
 “ revenge; — her boasted excellencies are  
 “ now no more.” Henry flung from her.—

“Infernal wretch ! — What wouldst thou  
“ say ?—Are Maria’s sufferings a theme for  
“ *triumph* ?” Then clasping his hands, and  
and looking up to heaven, — “ Oh! thou  
“ avenging God, (he said,) is there not a  
“ punishment for this fiend of destruction ?”  
The epithet seemed applicable. — She  
flashed, and uttered, with a tone of tri-  
umph and diabolic cruelty, “ Yes, Stanley,  
“ the wife of thy *bosom*, feels, to her inmost  
“ soul, the effects of my great revenge.  
“ Callous as I have found that heart, there  
“ is yet one penetrable part that will be struck  
“ with the fire of insanity from Maria’s eyes.”  
My husband now interfered ; but she flung  
from him with the most scornful rage ; and  
again turning to poor Stanley, “ You called  
“ me *murderer* !—now see me prove my title  
“ to that application.” — And, O madam,  
the

she caught the pistol from the table, and in one moment rushed into eternity.

HERE the awful scene must close;—what followed was horror and confusion. The feelings of the spectators may possibly be imagined. — The body was immediately carried off, and my husband persuaded Stanley to accompany him to Paris. He knows I am writing to Burton Wood; and begs, through Sir James's interposition, I will inclose a few lines from himself. Hasten, dear Lady, some reviving intelligence of our friend, or Isabel will be most wretched.

*Mr.*

*Mr. STANLEY to Mrs. STANLEY, Sen.*

ONCE did an ancient mother write on  
her bended knees, — and O! my  
God, she wrote in vain. — And once did  
my wronged my injured love condescend  
to expostulate with her cruel husband,  
whom she justly called the destroyer of her  
fame. — But fruitless were the venerable  
parent's entreaties; — and vain the tender  
expostulations of suffering innocence. —  
How could I think *that* angelic sweetness  
capable of deception! — O blind and barba-  
rous *destroyer* of domestic felicity. — How  
have I, by the madness of jealousy, dashed  
from my lips the cup of tranquil happiness?  
And yet, madam, were you to know the  
various



various arts which have been practised upon a warm and susceptible disposition, it might contribute to reconcile you to a conduct, till now, inexplicable. — Distraction ! where shall the murderer find peace ? Tell me, does Maria live, or does her premature death complete the measure of my woes ? This hand destroyed my excellent Beville ! But no ! thou tremendous God, it was Stockley and Marshall, I was but the instrument to their cursed designs. — Alas ! I meant but to enquire for my sweet love. — If *she* is gone, Stanley lives no longer.

Mrs.

*Mrs. STANLEY, sen. to Lady TREVOR*

**S**HALL weak shallow-sighted mortals presume to judge of futurity by the present? — Shall the ignorant conception of a feeble worm dare to measure power omnipotence by the attenuated line of its own conceited understanding? — Superlative ignorance! — The unexpected consequence of our premature calculations generally evinces the weakness of that foundation on which we build our hopes and prospects, while toiling through the rugged paths of a miserable existence.

For seven years I mourned the absence of a tenderly beloved son. Unsupported by aught but a patriotic sense of the duty we

owe

owe our country, my heart was continually agitated with alternate hopes and fears. — One day soaring above the clouds in joyful expectation. — The next, perhaps depressed to the depths of imaginary distress. — But when revolving time had again restored the darling object of maternal affection to my raptured sight then did my bliss seem perfect, and was truly confirmed by his union with the best of women. Yes, lady Trevor, I was surely grateful to the dispenser of blessings. — With thankful rapture have I enjoyed the present bliss, and prophesied the future happiness of this inestimable pair. — And yet, such are the inscrutable operations of an awful Judge, this scene of felicity is overthrown by the heaviest calamity that ever pressed the drooping spirits of sorrowing age.

My

My dear madam, your tender heart has sympathised with the afflicted Maria, thro' every stage of her misfortunes. But were you now present to behold the bitter consequence of those misfortunes, that heart could not support the trying conflict. — Ah turn your eyes, ye favourites of fortune, to that lovely victim of infernal treachery! — *There* view the inefficacy of the most amiable perfections of mind and body, when opposed to the dark machinations of vengeful cruelty. Who can behold that once-pleasing form, thus emaciated and forlorn, without feeling the tenderest sympathy? — Who ever merited the indulgence of heaven like Maria Stanley? — And whoever experienced, like her, such vast affliction? — Be silent then, presumptuous murmurer, nor dare arraign that providence, which, for its own wise ends,

lets



lets loose the powers of destruction on the head of unoffending innocence. — Could Stanley view the face he so lately idolised, what would be his feelings?—Too late, I fear, is Marshall's confession, to relieve this distressed angel. Too late is my miserable son undeceived: for oh! lady Trevor, the dear sufferer is all but gone.—I ventured, yesterday, to touch the affecting subject in her presence. — She noticed not my discourse till the name of Stanley met her ear, and she uttered, in a low voice, “Cruel Stanley.” — Rejoiced to hear her speak, I went to the bedside, and said,—Stanley, my child, is no longer insensible to the merit of his beloved Maria. She looked at me—sighed—and fainted.—We thought her for ever gone.—She at last recovered, *but* to resume her former state of insensibility.—Such, my dear madam, is the

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situation of your friend.—Perhaps the presence of my son, might contribute to restore he dissipated senses. — But, alas! how shall the arduous experiment be made? — An involuntary exile from England.—What dangers might attend his appearance in that country to whose laws he has made himself obnoxious? — I dare not touch upon your dreadful intelligence, more than to say, — may heaven forgive the cruelty of those whose hearts were callous to every perfection that can adorn a human being.—

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. STANLEY to her Son.*

AND art thou, at last, my unhappy Henry, made sensible of Maria's virtue? — What her affecting expostulations and blameless character failed to prove, the testimony of a black (tho' unhardened) villain has effected. — I mean not to wound thy wretched heart with retrospective reflections or corroding intelligence. — Enough must my Stanley's sensibility be hurt by his own extreme sense of our calamities. Maria lives, my dear son. — Would to heaven thy presence were permitted in England. The effects, arising from such a step, might possibly be equal to our sanguine wishes. — Observe, I say *possibly*, for though thy parent would not

farther alarm, yet she must not flatter. Guess what must be our situation, when I tell you, it is the only chance left for restoring my unhappy child's dissipated senses. Adieu, dearest Henry.—

*M. S.*



*Mr. STANLEY to his Mother.*

WHAT are the most accumulated pains, nay death itself, when offered as the purchase of Maria's tranquility?—Trifling sacrifice.—With transport would I make the trial, though certain of paying the price. Think you, my revered mother, the presence of a repentant husband can alleviate the sufferings of my amiable wife?—O madam, I fly to that loved being who is by me reduced to such an affecting situation. — Prepare the sweet Maria (if possible) to expect her once-cruel Henry.—I would give up years of life for one moment's interview. — Oh! she is dearer to my soul than the hope of everlasting bliss! — Her distresses pluck at

my very heart-strings.—Great heaven, befriend each ardent endeavour for the restoration of so perfect so immaculate a purity! — My sweet infant too! — Shall I again clasp thee in the arms of paternal love?— Again embrace my venerable parent?— Yes, I feel myself enraptured with the extatic thought!——

YOU, my mother, will not condemn those tears of affection, which fall involuntarily, through eager expectation, and might be thought, by the unfeeling part of mankind, to disgrace the cheek of a soldier.—Farewell, thou beloved of my soul.

*Lady*

*Lady TREVOR to Mrs. STANLEY.*

My dear madam,

**Y**OUR letter to Mr. Stanley has occasioned an extraordinary revolution in his mind and countenance. — No sooner did he find his presence was still desired at Burton-wood, than the long-settled gloom gave way to extatic hope and rapturous expectation. — “She lives! — O madam, “Maria lives!” — Was his joyful exclamation. — “I am encouraged to hope she will “not despise the offending husband who “tinctured her days with bitterness extreme.” — He would have set out immediately, and I believe thought hardly of poor Isabel for detaining him (though for so short a time) from his dear Maria. —

But I have persuaded him to sacrifice a few more hours to painful uncertainty, as Sir James, who is upon a little excursion, will probably attend him to England. — *Your* letter, my friend, has given *me* pain unutterable; Henry undoubtedly expected a fight of it, but I could not think of lowering his sanguine hopes, which that letter would most assuredly check. — Restore, thou benevolent Being, the health and senses of our invaluable friend. A sudden interruption

\* \* \* \* \*

You will be excessively amazed, my good Mrs. Stanley, to find I have had a visitor. — It was — Marshall. — Contrary winds detained him so long in port that he could not refrain once more inquiring for the afflicted family. — His behaviour

was



was manly, — but dejected; — and his whole countenance bespoke a consciousness of that fatal error we must ever deplore. — He bowed gracefully, and said, “Will  
“ you, madam, permit a wretched youth  
“ to ask the fate of those who owe to unhappy Marshall their unprecedented misery?” — “Certainly, sir, and I wish  
“ my intelligence were such as might encourage your early return to virtue. —  
“ But indeed my information will only tend  
“ to strengthen your uneasiness. — Have  
“ you heard aught of Miss Stockley’s  
“ fate?” — The poor young man trembled.  
— (Excuse, dear Mrs. Stanley, the term expressive of pity, — even *you*, the mother of that suffering pair, will own the penitent entitled to soft commiseration.) — To proceed. — I related each particular of  
Stockley’s

Stockley's death and Stanley's grief. — He attended my communication, when suddenly the door opened, and even at this period I tremble to say,—your son entered the room. — Good God! no pen can describe, no painter delineate, the attitude and countenance of wretched Marshall! — I think, had he committed against me the most unparalleled crimes, resentment, for that moment, must have subsided. — He threw himself upon his knees, drew his sword, and, in these affecting terms, addressed the astonished Stanley, who was absolutely torpid from surprise. —

“ Thus low at the feet of his guardian  
“ — friend — protector — a self-doomed  
“ victim waits the welcome stroke; happy  
“ to receive it from the hand of him who  
“ has met with diabolic treachery as a  
reward

“reward for charity, benevolence, and  
“the most condescending goodness that  
“ever adorned the Christian bosom. —  
“Here, sir, (presenting the sword,)—take  
“my life. — A poor unworthy sacrifice to  
“wrongs like yours. And may the crim-  
“son fluid expunge the foul dishonouring  
“stain that blots the guilty Marshall’s  
“name.”——

HAD he continued for an hour the soul-  
moving strain, Stanley, I am certain,  
would not have interrupted him. But,  
finding Marshall incapable of farther  
speech, from the violence of his emotions,  
took him by the hand, and, attempting to  
raise him, “O William, (he said) may  
“the Almighty forgive my sins as truly as  
“I forgive the most palpable injuries. —  
“Thy unexampled penitence entitles thee  
“to

“ to every consideration. — It was great  
“ heaven’s permission, presumptuous Stan-  
“ ley should be humbled, and shall I re-  
“ venge myself upon those who were the  
“ instruments of my salutary humiliation?  
“ —Go hence in peace, nor let tormenting  
“ thoughts disturb the tranquility of your  
“ soul.”——

“ HEAR me, (replied the frantic Mar-  
“ shall) you know not half the villainy of  
“ the black incendiary before you. — You  
“ must be ignorant that the impious wretch  
“ at your feet has dared to lift his eyes to  
“ the angelic Mrs. Stanley, and that, in  
“ consequence of her just contempt, I  
“ joined the infamous Stockley in her de-  
“ structive plan of revenge. — Will not  
“ this intelligence rouse your irritated  
“ spirit to retaliation?”——

STANLEY’S



STANLEY'S countenance betrayed vexation. — The crimson hue of resentment tinged his manly face. — “There needed  
 “not (said he) this cruel retrospect. — Why  
 “wilt thou make my free forgiveness a  
 “meritorious act? — I am no stranger to  
 “the barbarities practised upon my injured wife.” — So saying, he left the room. — But Marshall (starting up) cried  
 — “Stay, thou dear abused friend, stay,  
 “and clear dishonour from your name,  
 “by the extinction of him who has blotted  
 “the spotless page of thy fair character,  
 “in attempting the honour of thy wife.”  
 — It was well that Henry heard him not, or the presumptuous youth, whom despair had rendered fearless of consequences, might have repented his temerity. — After a few minutes silence, he turned to me,  
 and

and said, "Pity the creature who is al-  
" most distracted at the sight of that noble  
" victim to his villainy. — Stockley, you  
" say, is dead, (and he wrung his hands)  
" wretched Stockley! — I lament thy pre-  
" cipitate fate. — How didst thou dare to  
" rush into the presence of an offended  
" Deity, neither aiming at, nor wishing  
" to make, expiation for thy crimes? — One  
" question, madam, and I trouble you no  
" longer. — Is Stanley reconciled to his  
" blameless wife?" —

"STANLEY, sir, deeply repents his in-  
" juries to that inestimable woman, and  
" earnestly wishes to see her, but the un-  
" certainty of Mr. Beville's fate renders it  
" dangerous at least to indulge the rational  
" desire." —

"DEAR madam, if the continuance of  
" his exile depends upon *that*, never more  
" must

“ must he visit the hospitable dwelling.—  
 “ It is sure the colonel could not survive  
 “ the fatal wound.—I have every reason to  
 “ suppose he died the evening succeeding  
 “ the dreadful duel.—Farewell, dear lady.  
 “ —May every act of humanity, you have  
 “ shewn those lamented objects, be trebled  
 “ in blessings upon you and yours.” — He  
 then departed, and left me full of pity  
 for his sorrows,——

THIS moment Sir James is arrived, but  
 cannot attend our worthy friend to Eng-  
 land, as he must again return to Versailles,  
 where particular business demands his im-  
 mediate attendance.—Stanley will be with  
 you soon after this letter. — May his ap-  
 pearance dispel the heavy cloud of grief  
 which has so long shed its noxious va-  
 pours over the dear inhabitants of Burton-  
 wood.—

*M.*

*Mr. STANLEY to Sir JAMES TREVOR.*

I AM now, my dear Sir James, within three miles of that delightful dwelling which contains my heart's dearest treasure, — but must wait the close of day, ere I can be admitted to my loved Maria. — Strange to tell, my nerves are totally unstrung. — Expectation and anxious hope have almost conquered my fortitude, and rendered me impatient to a culpable degree. — In vain do I lament the tedious hours. — It were better, perhaps, to beguile them of their slow and heavy motion, by relating an adventure which will excite your wonder. — Wrapped in a close disguise, I quitted the packet, and immediately repaired to the hotel, at Margate. — It was  
assembly



assembly night, and the passages were so crowded that it was some minutes ere I could enter. — By accident, my hat fell off, which was observed by a gentleman richly dressed, whose sun-burnt countenance declared him an inhabitant of the torrid zone.—I was hastening up stairs when he stopped me.—“God of heaven!—this is surely lieutenant Stanley!”—I started at the exclamation;—knew him not, but gazed, forgetful of my situation. He seized my hand with uncommon eagerness, and conducted me into a private room. — My companion then, clasping his arms about me, said, “I pardon you, Stanley, for this unaccountable absence of mind, but have you no recollection of George Thompson?”—

It was now my turn to evince a joyful surprise, when I beheld the undoubted

VOL. II. E father

father of unhappy Marshall. He had left the country ten years since, loaded with misfortunes, and labouring under the stings of an irritated conscience, from causes he could not bear to touch upon, even to his most intimate friend—This poor man consigned to me his only child, the illegitimate offspring of an unfortunate lady.—I protected, loved, him, and you know my *reward*.—Mr. Thompson enquired for his son. “O Stanley, (he said,) ere I can  
“ enter into a detail of my own affairs, tell  
“ me, have I a son?—To you I consigned  
“ him. — From you I expect the precious  
“ deposit. — But you are dumb.—Speak,  
“ my beloved friend.—Tell me, is he what  
“ a fond father may suppose? — Is he re-  
“ plete with those sentiments of honour  
“ and goodness which characterise my be-  
“ nevolent Stanley?—

THIS

THIS was too much. — I turned from him in speechless anguish. — “Speak, (cried the terrified father,) what has thus moved your generous heart?—My boy is dead.—Better so than infamous.” —And parental tears burst from his eyes.—

“BE patient, Thompson, fortitude is necessary; I have a dreadful story to relate.”—The poor man’s features worked with convulsive agonies, and, without knowing it, he absolutely gnashed his teeth and clinched his hands, in all the horrors of despair.—Various were the interruptions I met with from the miserable father, during the melancholy relation.—He stamped, — groaned, — and struck his forehead with uncommon violence. — His strong emotions added to my own, and it was with difficulty I finished the dreadful account.

“ Is this (says he) the reward of Stanley’s  
“ benevolence?—Curfed villain!—What,  
“ bite the hand that fed him! — Where is  
“ the monster? — I will pursue him to the  
“ depths of the earth! — How are all my  
“ expectations blasted by him from whom  
“ I expected comfort!—With Stanley and  
“ Marshall I thought to divide my vast  
“ possessions.—One is sinking to the earth,  
“ under the pressure of a dreadful calamity,  
“ the other is a vagabond, loaded with  
“ the interdiction of avenging heaven!”—

HE sat for some moments in all the bitterness of speechless grief, in which I indulged him, well knowing it would be an inefficacious attempt to stop the torrent of sorrow so near its source.—

AFTER some time, he raised himself, and heaving a heavy sigh, — “ ’Tis well,  
“ (he



“ (he said,) — I must submit. — Heaven’s  
 “ decrees are irrevocable. — O Stanley,  
 “ you know I quitted England to avoid  
 “ the shame and inconveniences of a prison.  
 “ But you knew not I had stronger motives,  
 “ and that to grief and self-accusation was  
 “ owing the carelessness which ruined my  
 “ affairs.—Alas! my loved Eliza’s death  
 “ embittered every moment of life succeed-  
 “ ing that deplorable event.—Even you,  
 “ my dear Henry, was ignorant of the par-  
 “ ticulars of that fatal connection. — (Fatal  
 “ to the sweetest tenderest creature that ever  
 “ owed her ruin to the wiles of our trea-  
 “ cherous sex.)—And, when I consigned to  
 “ thy generosity and benevolence the fruit  
 “ of illicit pleasure, I gave but a superfi-  
 “ cial account of that unfortunate affair.—  
 “ Sometime hence I will give you the

“ whole of a story too affecting to enter  
“ upon at present.—Therefore I will only  
“ tell you, in a few words, the success of  
“ my travels.—We had a prosperous voy-  
“ age to the West-Indies, where I was  
“ seized with a dreadful sickness, the na-  
“ tural result of change of climate, and to  
“ the blessing of Providence I owed the  
“ restoration of my health, which was  
“ looked upon as a miraculous event.—  
“ After some few disappointments, my  
“ success in trade was amazing. — I was  
“ happy in the hope of rewarding my  
“ friend's generosity and raising my child  
“ to splendid affluence.—You will wonder  
“ at not hearing from me, after the first  
“ three years.—I wrote repeated letters,  
“ but received no answer, which racked  
“ my bosom with painful suspense, ima-  
“ gining death had deprived me of my  
“ worthy

“worthy friend, or that some dreadful  
 “accident to my child prevented your an-  
 “swering my continual inquiries after the  
 “fate of that unhappy being.”—

I undeceived him, with respect to my  
 silence, having been five years in a distant  
 part of the world, which rendered it im-  
 possible to hear from my valuable friends;  
 and my mother, residing at a great distance  
 from London, missed these letters addressed  
 to me.—He went on——

“My wealth daily increasing deter-  
 “mined me to visit England, and endea-  
 “vour to investigate the cause of your  
 “long silence. — But alas this climate can  
 “yield no charms to me while witnessing  
 “your unhappiness, and revolving in my  
 “busy mind the dreadful scene of misery  
 “you have so affectingly painted. — Just  
 “God!—how dare a wretch like me com-

“plain? — Am I not properly punished,  
“by the very means which ruined an an-  
“gel?—Yes, my friend—the birth of my  
“miserable son, added to the conse-  
“quences of my baseness, destroyed his  
“hapless mother. — Eliza, wilt thou for-  
“give thy murderer? — Cruel retrospect!  
“— Did I not leave her to infamy and  
“sorrow? — Did I not reject her affecting  
“petition for redress? —

I would not let him proceed, as he  
seemed in agony, but advised him to take  
some rest, and left the unfortunate man,  
after engaging to see him as soon as possi-  
ble.—Adieu, dear Sir James.—The work-  
ings of an omniscient Providence, through-  
out these iniquitous transactions, are clearly  
pointed out. — We see a father punished  
by his own child for injuries committed  
on that child's mother. — In Stockley we  
see



see the violence of her passion hurry on that destruction she had marked for others.

—Farther I cannot observe, as the hidden consequences prevent even a guess at futurity. — For how shall we explain the cause why *beauty, sense, merit*, and the most exalted accomplishments, are sinking in deep retired distress? — I can pursue this scheme no farther——

*Not the Same to the Same.*

**I** HAVE seen her, Sir James.—Seen the dear creature deprived of all those sweet attractive graces which excited my kind my passionate attention. — Sickness and sorrow have entirely banished the rosy bloom of health from the pallid cheek, and the mild enchanting sweetness from her beguiling eyes. — And for whom has she undergone this melancholy change? — For whom have her senses been the shocking sacrifice? — Given for thee, O Stanley! — the cruel inflictor of her sufferings! — Alas! she knows me not. — No, not for a moment could she recognise her afflicted husband. — I gazed at the heart-afflicting

flitting object till my eyes, filled with tears, could no longer distinguish the dear invalid.—She looked at me.—“Poor man, you weep.—What have you lost a friend?”—O God! what torture!—Her plaintive voice and soul-piercing distress gave pangs inexorable to my bleeding bosom.

HA!—what says my revered parent!—Can I credit the fond assertion?—Sir James, Maria calls upon her Henry!—I fly to my soul’s treasure.—

STANLEY, be grateful to all-merciful heaven.—Thy Maria has some faint traces of returning sense.—I went to the bedside. She put her burning hand in mine.—Alas!—she is yet under the influence of a scorching fever.—I spoke.—She started.—I called her by the most endearing name. She gave me an expressive look, and her  
check

cheek was tinged with a faint but beautiful blush. Again I spoke.—She gently drew her hand from me, and clasping both together,—“It is—it surely must be Stanley.”—And a flow of tears burst from her eyes.—Yes, my friend, she entirely recollected her repentant Henry, and we have hopes Maria will again bless her faithful friends with her fond attention.—But long will it be ere the drooping flower can raise its dejected head, after being crushed to the earth by the unrelenting storm of keen adversity.—My mother is absolutely overcome by the flattering appearance.—Oh! she has been to my sweet Maria her comforter, nurse, and the earnest defender of her character!—My lovely boy has contributed to revive my heart with his innocent prattle.—

WHAT



WHAT scenes of distress visit the  
 tal experience, who, blinded by the  
 ness of jealousy, rushes to the destruction  
 of those objects that are supposed to kindle  
 the raging flame!—What torture corrodes  
 his bosom! What anguish preys upon his  
 distracted mind! Daylight is hateful!—  
 Darkness terrible!—The company of his  
 dearest friends becomes tedious and insipid,  
 and nothing can afford a gleam of satisfac-  
 tion but the malignant pleasure of contem-  
 plating *revenge*. While under the influence  
 of that infernal passion, the sweets of so-  
 cial life are neglected, and while the base  
 suspicion gnaws his inmost vitals, the *man*  
 loses his dignity, and sinks into a state  
 almost below contempt!—There is no act,  
 however mean and low, that he will stick  
 at to obtain a confirmation of what he yet  
 dreads

dreams to know; and, strange to tell, feels himself disappointed when the fervile energy he employs prove insufficient to discover the fancied conspiracy. Often have I contemplated Maria's features, when under the influence of this baleful frenzy.—How have I misinterpreted each look, each action.—The smiles of friendship my gloomy imagination painted as the secret token of illicit love. — Was she silent, I fancied the colonel occupied her tenderest thoughts.—Did she converse, it was to please him, or take off suspicion. —When long-pent sorrow had clouded the sweetness of her enchanting eyes and given a sickly tint to her once resplendent complexion, it was Beville wrought the melancholy change, and cast a mournful shade over that countenance on which (in spite of

of

of fell suspicion) I ardently doated. — Not once did I imagine her face but reflected the weighty grief so visibly predominant in my own. — Not once did I conjecture that to my altered behaviour was owing her tender concern. — Oh what pains were taken to fill my head with infernal notions and my heart with wretchedness. — Peace to thy manes, unhappy Stockley! may heaven graciously forgive those weighty transgressions which the last act of thy life so horridly completed. — May *that* last act meet with the free pardon of a merciful Judge! — Dreadful to consider, — that in the very moment of ungovernable passion, when stung by a thousand self-tormenting reflections, the unhappy sinner made that awful experiment which a rational being would tremble but to think of. —

SUICIDE,

SUICIDE, thou shocking completer of our woes, how lost, how abandoned, is that being who can, for one moment, adopt thy pernicious system! — I would tell those, who are under the influence of sentiments which lead to a commission of the diabolic act, that they are despicable *cowards*. — Cowards in every sense of the word. — For, in my opinion, hardened rashness is but another word for cowardice, as there are many of these self-named heroes who would commit an action without reflection which deliberation would make them tremble at. — Are they afraid of those evils which they perhaps bring upon themselves? — How do they seek to shun them? By putting it out of their power to see better days. — By confirming the truth of this hypothesis, that a self-murderer, by the mortal



mortal stroke, shuts the gate of mercy against himself. — And what are these mighty men, who, upon an unexpected disappointment, will dare to take the liberty to dispose of a life they never gave? — Creatures, who owe their existence, and every advantage they enjoy, to that Deity whose tremendous justice they would set at defiance! — Creatures, who cannot alter the slightest decree of omnipotent power; whose vain and impotent struggles against the will of Omniscience sink them still deeper in the troubles they seek to escape! — What false heroism! — to turn the sword of vengeance against themselves, and (might I dare to say it) make it inconsistent with the justice of Omnipotence to exert its divine influence in their favour. — Excuse, my friend, these reflections,

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tions, which flow naturally from the painful subject.——

*The Same to the Same.*

SIR James, I am lost in the immensity of that Deity's power who has, by an act of his wonderful omniscience, excited my grateful rapture!—Read the inclosed, and *you* will, I am sure, join with us in thankful praises to the Father of mercies for the almost miraculous intelligence.

*Captain*

*Captain WILLIAMS to Mrs. STANLEY jun.*

**I** HAVE the supreme happiness to tell Mrs. Stanley, that, after lingering for a tedious period on the borders of eternity, colonel Beville is yet alive.—For fourteen days he lay senseless and convulsed, and, during that time, I thought it unnecessary to flatter you with a glimmer of hope which the next intelligence might possibly extinguish.—Even for some time after, he lay in a most dangerous state.—Yet, notwithstanding this uncertainty, I meant, at the expiration of the first fortnight, to have informed you of his situation, well knowing what an affectionate wife must suffer while the safety of a fond husband

was in question.—(For undoubtedly Mr. Stanley's liberty, if not life, was in danger, while the colonel's recovery was so uncertain.)—But, my dear madam, a severe fever prevented the performance of my intentions, and I was, for a time, insensible as my wounded friend.—It is with some difficulty I can fit long enough to inform you Mr. Beville's wound has now assumed a more favourable appearance, which declaration I hope a few days will confirm.—I congratulate you, madam, upon your present hopes, and am your most obedient

THOMAS WILLIAMS.

*Mr.*



Mr. STANLEY *in Continuation.*

**T**HIS letter was delivered, some time since, to that servant who was such an active agent in Miss Stockley's barbarity. — She left her place soon after the receipt of it;—but a violent fever so far awakened her conscience as to induce her to send it, with the most earnest petition for pardon. — She makes a free confession of her wickedness, which entitles her at least to my forgiveness. I sent a servant to enquire if the colonel continued in that favourable state which captain Williams so heartily congratulates my beloved Maria upon, and have received an answer which adds to my felicity, at the same that it

creates in me an anxiety you will not wonder at, when you are told, that to-morrow prepares another scene of humiliation for your friend; nothing less than an interview with the colonel, which is earnestly requested by that injured gentleman. — How shall I meet the man who has been brought to the gates of death by the precipitate weakness of his *friend*? — When, prompted by infernal jealousy, I lifted my hand against the person who till then was dearer to me than life, *then*, even at *that instant*, I could have perished to avoid the commission of an act which must ever involve my soul in trouble and distress.

Would heaven indulge me with Maria's recovery, *what* on earth could equal my happiness! — How truly necessary is a state of humiliation, to sweeten those after-scene

scenes of prosperity which kind providence may permit us to enjoy. — Once more do I begin to reckon upon those pleasures which excited the sweetest sensations, and rendered me the happiest mortal breathing.—Good God! how inexpressibly different were my feelings (to those I experienced the night succeeding my arrival at Burton-wood,) when, impelled by pale-eyed melancholy, I strolled through the tawny woods surrounding the cottage, which now begin to lose their charming verdure. Winding through this gloomy retreat, my steps insensibly led me to a walk, meandering, in a serpentine direction, to that summer-house in which I felt such tormenting anguish.—The evening was delightfully serene.—Soft and gentle breezes wafted the rustling leaves in showers to

my feet.—Nature seem'd in one of those pleasing moods so highly gratifying to a contemplative mind.—I felt myself disposed to enjoy the interesting scene.—Entering the summer-house, I beheld the piano-forte, from which Maria was wont to draw such plaintive sounds as would lull the soul to a state of elysian happiness, or, with the sprightly air, charm melancholy and her dismal train from even the disordered breast of moon-struck madness.—The aurora borealis (which, at this season of the year, darts, with a pleasing lustre, its lambent beams) gave light sufficient to discern a music-book that lay open upon the instrument, (probably, since that fatal night,) in it were some verses, composed and set by the dear mistress of my fate, which appeared so very applicable to her

*then*



then unhappy situation, that I will venture to transcribe them.—The music is charmingly pathetic, highly suitable to the occasion. — Sweet creature! how consonant to thy angelic mildness are the heart-moving lines.

When night had cast her sable veil around,  
 And darkness reign'd throughout the midnight air,  
 Nought broke the solemn silence but the sound,  
 The plaintive sound, that rose from deep despair.  
 'Twas then with pensive step the grove I sought,  
 (Sacred to melancholy's mournful train,)  
 There pining sadness mark'd each restless thought,  
 While heart-felt sorrow urg'd the gloomy strain.  
 Once, ye embow'ring shades, (the child of joy,)  
 I careless rang'd each inmost sweet recess,  
 (Soul piercing thought!) 'twas then my glad employ  
 To contemplate increasing happiness.  
 Yet oft' for others has this bosom bled,  
 For others woes this friendly heart cou'd feel,  
 Sweet heav'n-born pity drops of kindness shed,  
 And wept those sorrows friendship could not heal.  
 Then

Then say, detractors, can ye now restore  
The peace of mind by calumny betray'd?  
Ah what on earth can heal the rankling sore  
Which fell suspicion's venom'd tooth has made?  
Presumptuous mortal! dare not thus complain,  
But silent weep thy unexampled woes;  
Shalt thou the wise decrees of heav'n arraign?  
Submit, nor dare its awful will oppose.

THE deep silence which then prevailed  
over the whole face of nature, the dazzling  
beauty of innumerable stars, that (notwith-  
standing the brightness of the above men-  
tioned northern lights) shone with incon-  
ceivable lustre, and, above all, the state  
of my own mind, occasioned indescribable  
emotions.—I gazed—paused—and, O Sir  
James, shall I confess?—Will you not ac-  
cuse a soldier of pusillanimity, if he owns  
himself subject to a blameable weakness?—  
Yes, blameable in many respects.—But  
*here*

*here*, penetrated with an awful sense of my *then* prevailing unhappiness, it was surely excusable,—and I fairly own that tears of distress burst unreluctant from my eyes.—  
Adieu, my dearest friend, I will no longer put your generous sensibility to the test.

W. O. W.

*From the Same to the Same.*

**N**EVER shall *this* day be forgotten.— Distinguished as it is for the re-union of two loving and beloved friends.—This day, dear Sir James, has seen one of my earnest wishes gratified. — Beville, the generous Beville, has admitted to his unlimited confidence the man who once fought his life with an inveteracy unparalleled.— His strong affection even the sword of misguided passion could not annihilate. — When I entered the room, he was sitting in a chair; —pale,—languid,—emaciated. —No traces of a martial spirit beaming in his sunken eyes.—What an interesting object! — The fight unmanned me, — Sir  
James



James, I was weaker than infantine tenderness.—He held out his hand, and, in a tremulous voice, said,—“ Stanley, I rejoice  
 “ to see thee.—Come, thou *still* dear friend,  
 “ and receive this hand as a token of  
 “ friendship renewed.”

His manner affected me much, and, joined to my own cutting sensations, renewed every pang which had so long harassed my grief-worn mind.—

“ WHAT, not *one* word? Stanley, I forget  
 “ every disagreeable occurrence. — We  
 “ shall again be happy, and the more so  
 “ for our late interruption.—Accept this  
 “ friendly hand, or I shall think your mind  
 “ is still a prey to dark suspicion.”—

I would have kneeled, Sir James, (for I thought it not *too* much to *kneel* to abused friendship,) but the very attempt at such a  
 humiliating

humiliating conviction threw him into an agony, and I desisted. — By degrees, we fell into rational conversation. — Had Maria's health been then established, I should have thought myself supremely blest. —

THIS morning arrived the unfortunate Thompson. — The traces of sorrow are strongly marked on his rugged features. — How earnestly he petitions for a sight of my drooping invalid! but I am fearful such an interview might prejudice her, in her *more* than languid situation, for she yet has only intervals of reason and those extremely transient. —

MERCIFUL God! in pity to this suffering angel and her sorrowing friends, restore those uncommon intellects which diabolical cruelty has overthrown! —

No longer able to refuse my friend, I ventured to introduce him to the chamber of sickness.—Drawing near the bedside, we beheld the dear creature in a profound sleep, the first natural rest she has taken since, — O my God! since I left her. — What a soul-moving figure! — A slight tinge of red suffused her delicate cheek.— Her languid countenance exactly answered Young's beautiful description of his daughter. — “Soft, modest, melancholy, “female, fair.” One snowy hand was thrown over her forehead, (which was shaded with a large laced cap,) and almost hid that admired part of her face: the other hand embraced my lovely nephew, who lay slumbering by her side. — The sweetest boy that ever crowned the hopes of a delighted parent.—When Thompson beheld

beheld this interesting appearance, he clasped his fingers, and large drops of tears bedewed his sun-burnt cheeks. — Falling on his knees, he imprecated curses on the authors of our affliction, and, almost in the same breath, put up ardent petitions for the recovery of my dear Maria.—

“ Wonder not Stanley, (said he) at my  
“ extraordinary agitation.—Such was once  
“ my Eliza.—Methinks I see her at this in-  
“ stant. Like this sleeping innocent she ap-  
“ peared, when my barbarous treatment  
“ had brought her to the gates of death.”

HE then, at *my* motion, left the room in an agony of grief. — Poor Thompson! His generosity knows no bounds. — Were I to leave the management of pecuniary matters to him, he would out-do my most sanguine expectations. — Alas! said he  
once,



“once, what is money?—Dirt.—Dross.—

“Can it lessen the heart-ach or purchase fe-

“licity to the wretched? Will it relieve the

“slightest bodily pain or remove the men-

“tal?—Helpless support! when on that

“alone we depend for happiness!—Would

“not any one suppose that Thompson was

“in possession of felicity?—And yet where

“is wretchedness like mine?—The morn-

“ing sun awakens me to misery, and the

“evening shades are welcome but for this

“consideration, that they conceal my tor-

“turing grief from prying eyes.”—

HE is determined to settle near us,—to provide a plentiful subsistence for his son, but never to suffer the unfortunate youth to enter the doors of an offended parent.—Inclosed you will find the promised history of Eliza.—

You will not wonder that he speaks with acrimony of his past behaviour to that unhappy fair-one, or that she fell a sacrifice to his unkindness.—Strange to reflect, that those objects, who were created for the sublimest purposes, and whose capacities, I will venture to affirm, are such as need but the genial succours of education to open and expand ideas which would do honour to their sex, — strange, that those valuable beings should be precisely the mark for unmanly cruelty to exercise its pernicious designs upon!—Is a female remarkable for sense, beauty, youth, and every perfection of body and mind, then is her situation more dangerous than pen can express. She becomes, too often, the prey of the irrational part of our sex, who wish to destroy those very advantages which  
render

render her the object of the libertine's attention.—Surely such a mode of proceeding is at once impolitic and infamous.—For, after fatigue of body, or in circumstances of distress, where can the mind of man repose itself with such security as with a tender female, whose interest is so closely interwoven with his own as to go hand in hand with her endeavours to soften his cares, sooth his anguish, and render *home* a paradise of sweets?—The man who is given up to debauchery, surfeited with excess, and who lives in the wild hurry of tumultuous pleasures, can never experience that comfort, and, I *will* say, *rapture*, which the man of refinement knows who is united to a faithful amiable wife.—With the libertine, variety blunts appetite, excess takes off the edge of desire, and he

feels the bitter consequences of a riotous course without experiencing that delicacy of enjoyment which heightens and gives a poignant relish to the domestic sweets of social life. His home becomes a desert.—Self interest sways his dependents, and he dissipates the most estimable treasure of mortality without fulfilling one purpose for which he was created.—Forgive my taking up your time with reflections which must entirely coincide with those of every rational being. — I will endeavour to make amends, by presenting you with my friend's narrative.

Mr.



*Mr. THOMPSON to Lieutenant STANLEY.*

**E**LIZA, my dear friend, was the daughter of a brave old warrior, who, after thirty years spent in the service of Russia, left the army from motives of disgust, and settled in Scotland, where he married a deserving woman. — She left him one pledge of connubial tenderness, after living with him but five years. His love for the gentle Eliza was extreme, and never daughter merited paternal tenderness more than did that hapless maid. — She was one of those truly feminine characters whose qualifications render them so valuable in domestic life. — Mild to a degree of timidity, she had scarcely spirit to ac-

*knowledge* an injury, much less to *resent* it. Ever eager to oblige, her own peace of mind was but a secondary consideration, and the sacrifice of her quiet she deemed an offering due to a friend. Beloved by all, but feared by none, this amiable creature lived for nineteen years the darling of her father, and (from the philanthropy of her disposition) a blessing to herself and all around her. — Her person, as her mind, was cast in the softest mould; delicate, but no beauty; rather inclinable to fragility, from a tender constitution; too tender, indeed, to bear the rough shock of adversity which so deeply wounded her gentle frame. — Such was the sweet maid when, our regiment being ordered to Scotland, I became extremely intimate with captain Lutzen, and consequently with his favourite

vourite Eliza. — Guess the fruits of that intimacy. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the various artifices suggested by a fertile brain to ruin the peace of an unsuspecting female.—The maxims of honour, instilled by her noble-minded father, added to the simplicity of a confined education, and, above all, her own generous abhorrence of duplicity, proved the source of those evils they ought to have prevented.—The innocent creature reposed an unlimited confidence in her bitterest enemy. — The father rested his daughter's security on the honour of a foldier.—Mistaken confidence! — False security! — O that I had not contaminated that honour! — That I had not ruined the peace of a blameless virgin! — To do justice to my lost love, I must accuse myself of cruelty, which the height

of youthful folly cannot excuse. — Long was the correspondence continued ere my abused friend, Lutzen, suspected aught was amiss in the conduct of his dear Eliza. — But the fatal truth flashed sudden conviction, with circumstances too palpable to admit the least doubt. — Where were sorrow and confusion equal to the unhappy daughter's, when taxed by an awful judge (for in that light she considered an irritated father,) with a crime so repugnant to his notions of delicacy and honour? — She trembled, she sunk, under his deprecated displeasure. — In vain were her equivocal reasonings, her tender remonstrances. — Convinced of foul dishonour, he waited but for the knowledge of that wretch who had sullied a name till then spotless and unblemished. — But, when he heard the  
crime



crime attributed to him who was under weighty obligations, (such indeed was the case,) he was silent,—for words were too weak to express his feelings. — But that awful silence indicated the gathering of a dreadful tempest,—which, alas! from my cruelty, burst with fatal consequences upon the dear Eliza. — Being at some distance from Edinburgh, the unwelcome news was transmitted me by a letter from the poor victim.—Stanley, can it be credited, that my business in the country was a matrimonial scheme? Fortune, curst fortune, was my sole inducement.—Is it in nature to suppose, that, regardless of my suffering love's situation, I could leave her to misery and shame? Yes, too certain is the supposition, and I met deserved success. — Fearful that Lutzen's displeasure should  
impede

impede my project, which bore a flattering appearance, I hastened to town, confused and unhappy.—But, when I beheld the residence of my deceived girl, terrors inexpressible seized my coward heart. — The agonies I felt were such as the guilty soul might know, when about to leave its earthly tenement. — Well may I call *that* heart *cowardly* which could suggest the worst of evils and then dread to face the consequence of them.—The sight of Lutzen, who that moment passed me, with eyes cast down, folded arms, and distress in every agitated feature, completed my torment.—He saw me not, and I hastened from abused friendship with the same horror a man would feel who seeks to shun the widow of him whom he has barbarously murdered. — Notwithstanding my reluctance,

reluctance, I was obliged next morning to attend this much-wronged family. — My distressed Eliza met her destroyer with a countenance O how dejected! — Her situation, which was apparent, seemed to announce the impending ruin just ready to overwhelm the amiable creature, and forced a tear from my eye, which she tenderly wiped from the cheek of diabolical hypocrisy, and conducted me to a parlour where her father was sitting. — When I entered, he started, and discovered the drops of anguish stealing down his furrowed countenance. — He took his daughter by the hand, and, leading her to the spot where I was absolutely fixed, — “ See (said he) the situation of Godfrey Lutzen’s daughter, the only hope of worn-out age, and the once-indulgent fosterer of  
 “ parental

“parental sorrows. — Say, canst *thou* recompence the *man* who prefers death, in any form, to the shadow of dishonour?”

I would have spoken, but he went on,  
 “Be silent, monster, nor aim to prove  
 “that he, who has been detestably cruel,  
 “can be equally mean.—Take that sword,  
 “(pointing to one which lay on the table,)  
 “take that sword, (which never yet was  
 “drawn in a wrong cause,) and pierce the  
 “heart of a wretched father, whose darling’s peace of mind thou hast so vilely  
 “murdered.”——

HIS words, his manner, thrilled my soul, and I felt myself *indeed* a coward.  
 “Hear me, sir,” — and I fell on my knees.—

“BE silent, Thompson, and trouble  
 “me no longer, but take that scourge of



“a wounded parent from his sight.” So saying, he spurned the weeping Eliza from his feet, where she had kneeled with me, and left us the most miserable pair existing.—

THIS proved almost fatal to my unhappy girl. — She was carried to a house, where the agony of her mind brought on that consequence which produced my unfortunate son.—

DURING this dreadful interval, my intended bride arrived at Edinburgh, and I found myself under the necessity of smothering my chagrin before her. — Eliza was, by some means, informed of my base intentions, and the cruel duplicity I had been guilty of. — But she expostulated not. — Ever patient and forgiving, the gentle creature fought, by the mildness of her temper

temper, *only* to conciliate my affections.— And she did conciliate them.— Yet was I insensible to the tender claim of an infant son.— Yet was I insensible to the rights of an injured *wife*, for such she might be considered, if the most sacred promises on my side, added to an unremitted constancy on hers, could demand a title to an honourable amends.— Even in the moments of protestations and vows to the deceived miss Scot, my heart gave the lie to those effusions produced by dishonest insincerity.— Wretch that I was, to retain my purpose of adding distress to affliction.— The evening before the proposed completion of my infamous intentions, I went to pass an hour with my declining Lutzen.— She had just left her bed, and was supported in her chair by a female attendant.— At  
my

my entrance, a languid smile beamed through her faded features, and faintly she said,—“ Never was Thompson’s presence  
 “ so welcome as at this moment. — Me-  
 “ thinks I feel the impossibility of long  
 “ enjoying this my only happiness.”—Her affecting language and death-like countenance, were by no means calculated to raise my spirits, already depressed with a sense of my own duplicity. I begged her to be cheerful.—She answered, with a faltering voice, “ No, Thompson, it is for  
 “ Miss Scot to evince signs of joy, not the  
 “ forsaken Eliza.—Soon will her troubles  
 “ be at the wished for period. Yes,  
 “ George, I am well acquainted with your  
 “ culpable conduct. May you never have  
 “ cause to lament the errors of thoughtless  
 “ youth.”

PATIENT

PATIENT angel! Mild and gentle were her reproofs, but they struck terror to my guilty soul.—Alas this was nothing to the shock that succeeded.—A voice below, in tremendous accents, uttered,—“He’s  
“ here.—I *know* the *villain’s* here.”—And immediately entered—captain Lutzen.—Eliza screamed and fainted.—The father hastened to support his dying daughter.—I stood torpid with grief, surprise, and terror. When her fleeting senses were recalled, notwithstanding extreme weakness, she fell on her knees, and in that supplicating attitude begged pity and forgiveness.—

“Soon (said she) the tedious conflict  
“ must be over. — Pardon, O my father,  
“ the victim to her fatal indiscretion. —  
“ Thy last blessing would smooth the pil-  
“ low



“ low of dying penitence, extract the  
 “ thorns implanted by disobedience in this  
 “ wretched bosom, and gently waft the  
 “ troubled soul to everlasting rest.”

*What* a petition!—and urged with all the  
 affecting eloquence of female oratory! —  
 The father spoke not. — How *should* he  
 speak? — Love, pity, and despair, strug-  
 gling in his softened countenance, at last,  
 a heavy sigh gave utterance to these words.

“ I *do* forgive my daughter.—The pa-  
 “ rent *will* not curse a repentant child.—  
 “ But *who* shall forgive this atrocious vil-  
 “ lain, who, under the most sacred en-  
 “ gagements to *thee*, my injured girl, has  
 “ dared to pledge himself to *another*? —  
 “ Tomorrow’s sun is to witness the rati-  
 “ fication of his horrid perjury. — *Answer*  
 “ me, Thompson; if thy execrable *cov-*

“ *ardice* will permit, answer a father,  
 “ whose polluted honour demands satis-  
 “ faction.”——

THIS was *too* much. — I motioned to draw my sword, forgetful of the dying Eliza, and every circumstance but the fancied insult.—*Coward!*—It was not to be borne.—

“ COME, said the desperate Lutzen, I  
 “ see thou hast some spirit left.”——

HE drew and pressed upon me. — My heart recoiled.—I retreated, but he would not be trifled with, and his superior skill gave way to youth, strength, and agility. —He fell, the *father* of Eliza fell.—Horrible! — I drew the vital stream from him who had given life to my dearest treasure. Flinging away my sword, I rained the wounded hero, and uttered a thousand extravagances.—

travagances. — Eliza was petrified with terror.—But, when she saw her father fall, grief and rage animated every languid feature, and the overcharged spirits just gave her leave to say,—

“ Stop, barbarian! — It is enough! —  
 “ *Father and daughter!* — O inhuman  
 “ Thompson!” — Stanley, these were the last words of that broken-hearted excellence.—Still do I feel the poignant anguish my soul experienced in that fatal moment.

THE captain, raising himself upon his elbow and surveying the lifeless corpse, said,—“ Oh let me press those pallid lips,  
 “ while the breath of life performs its necessary functions.—But no.—She’s gone.  
 “ O my child, we shall be soon united.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Stanley, the scene will be for ever impressed upon my mind. —

POOR Lutzen survived his daughter but an hour, and *one* tomb inclosed the lamented pair.—Necessity, concurring with inclination, induced me to quit Edinburgh immediately, and I left Scotland and my intended bride, to seek for peace in distant countries.—But the idea of guilt was too strongly impressed upon a wounded conscience to be erased by time or situation. At the expiration of five years I ventured to England, and, urged by parental tenderness, sent for my infant son, who had been carefully attended, during that period, by a faithful servant of the unfortunate Lutzen.—The poor child was utterly ignorant of his origin, and, as matters were situated, I was induced to continue the deception.—To *thee*, my Stanley, was I indebted for the transient gleams of  
peace



peace which thy sensible and soothing conversation would sometimes give rise to in my afflicted bosom.—Yet would my restless situation engage me in scenes of dissipation which had no other effect than to stifle, for a moment, the thoughts of past misfortunes, and consume a moderate pittance that would, with œconomy, have contributed to support me through a tedious existence.—

It was not in the power of time or any other succedaneum to soften entirely my painful sense of the ever-to-be-regretted calamity, which acts, to this hour, with inconceivable force upon my heart. — And, to add to these afflictions, that son, from whom I had conceived the strongest hopes of comfort, that son new-points my sorrows. — But it is right. — It is in cha-

rafter from the almighty distributor of  
justice, and I will cease to complain. —  
Stanley will pour the balm of friendship  
into the wounds of wretched

THOMPSON.

STANLEY.

STANLEY *in Continuation.*

I HAVE transcribed the above narrative partly to stifle those apprehensions which now return with added force. — It is true, Maria is tolerably tranquil, and converses with all her former elegance; yet is there something on her countenance which implies concealed distress. — Were lady Trevor in England, her presence might enliven the dear invalid. — Often does she speak with pleasure of her Isabel's cheerful wit, and I am led to think it might contribute to banish that anxiety which spreads a thoughtful cast over her delicate features. — She has this day applied to her pen,

against the tender intreaties of our affectionate mother. — With this enormous packet I shall send Maria's letter, addressed to lady Trevor. —

MARIA



MARIA to *Lady* TREVOR.

**I**S it possible, after such repeated sorrows, Maria should again have it in her power to correspond with dearest Isabel?—Is it possible she should rise superior to the vengeance of a cruel enemy, the resentment of a deluded husband, the reputed death of an inestimable man, the distress of friends, in consequence of her various woes, and, to finish the shocking catalogue, a tedious deprivation of sense, without one glimpse of reason to illumine her darkened mind?—Amazing power of Omnipotence! Be grateful, O my soul, to that being who has cleared thy wounded fame, restored thy clouded faculties, and  
 been

been indulgent to the incessant importunities of thy sorrowing friends.—

AND yet, lady Trevor, Maria feels herself wretched, without power to reveal the latent cause to any one but thee. — Stanley and Beville mean to renew their intimacy, in all its former latitude. — But will not the mind of Henry imbibe a taint from recent misfortunes?—The man, who has once given way to infernal suspicion, may again harbour the destructive guest.— You know not the agitation of my mind from even a slight retrospect of former events. — I dare not give way to intense thought, lest it bring on a consequence that may be fatal to this shattered frame.— From thee, my dearest friend, I expect comfort, and from thy salutary counsels strength to this weakened heart. — Were  
your

your consolations offered in person, amazing effects might be expected from them, as in wayward weakness must give way to your superior arguments.——

*Lady*

*Lady* TREVOR to MARIA STANLEY

YES, Maria, with thee I join in devout acknowledgements to the dispenser of mercies for his indulgent kindness, who has granted to our fervent wishes thine inestimable merit. — But, my friend, why those delicate (though unnecessary) apprehensions?—Were your mind in its former strength, Maria would not give a *thought* to contingences so uncertain, nay, I may venture to pronounce, so repugnant to the present disposition of affairs. — Away with melancholy and her rueful train, too long has she reigned paramount at Burtonwood. Has not every circumstance contributed to remove the cloud from Stanley's



ley's eyes?—What can you possibly expect from him, in future, but increasing love and veneration, I had almost written, adoration?—Believe thy Isabel, Maria's empire is more strongly founded than before this calamitous business. Has he not *tried* thy virtue?—Sore was the trial, but thou art come off a glorious victor.—Can there be a stronger proof of his dependence on your integrity than this renewed friendship presents?—How different would my arguments turn on this subject? The very circumstance that gives you unhappiness would be, to me, proof positive that every suspicious thought was totally removed.—Rest thy confidence on Stanley's disposition, *that* alone is sufficient security.—Remember what arts, what a coalition of circumstances, were found necessary to work up  
jealousy

jealousy in his mind. — And, when those hellish arts succeeded, too generous to conceal his suspicion, he immediately sought retaliation.—There is no Stockley to stand between thee and felicity. — The world cannot again produce so deep, so practised, a designer. — For heaven's sake, Maria, banish every thought that may interrupt thy recovered tranquility, or I shall think your disposition more properly fitted to the keen blast of adversity than the genial sunshine of prosperity.—Adieu, my dear girl, let your next be not quite so much in the pensive file.—

MARIA, I have just received intelligence which has a wonderful effect on my spirits; may it operate equally on yours.—Sir James has at last given way to my entreaties, and I shall hope once more to visit “Poor old England.”—It is exceedingly

ingly probable that I shall be with you in about three weeks from the date of this.

—Oh the transporting thought! It is most likely I shall pass the winter at Burtonwood, where cheerful conversation and the company of my dearest friends will contribute to lessen, if not totally destroy, the chilling influence of January's frost; for I think we do but commence winter with the new year.—My husband is absolutely jealous of Stanley; but I shall leave him to take his revenge, and the duce is in it if he prefers not elegant refinement, unassuming merit, and the most amiable delicacy, to the inferior talents of his sprightly Isabel.—But take care of yourself, Maria; you know not the advantage of French freedom over English bashfulness.—Your friend must positively make a conquest, and, should I fail with Stanley, there

there is yet one formidable hero to set my cap at.—I suppose your sagacity will be for pointing out the colonel. — Ah! Maria, I shall certainly make the attack, if his heart be not fortified with impregnable bars.—But whither, O pen, wouldst thou carry thy volatile mistress?—Remember me, dear girl, to all friends at Burton-wood; particularly, convey my joyful felicitations to my dear venerable correspondent. — For every tear she has made me shed, I will return her — smiles innumerable. — Sir James has received an affecting letter from Marshall.—He is now on his passage.—The letter was brought by a gentleman whose ill state of health obliged him to relinquish the voyage. — I will inclose it, though so soon to meet my friend.—

*Mr.*



*Mr. MARSHALL to Sir JAMES TREVOR.*

**E**XILED by his vices from all the guilty Marshall's soul reverts, he still pursues, with the mind's eye, those invaluable friends he has left behind. — Still does recollection present, in all its blackness, the dire transaction which has drawn upon him the bitter consequences he yet laments.—

BUT for inexcusable errors, Marshall might now be rejoicing in the presence of those who will be ever precious to his thoughts. Yes, Sir, I will encourage the sweet (though sad) remembrance, while life shall lengthen my miseries.—But Oh! there is another pang which strikes deep.

— I know not but the authors of my wretched existence (should they be living) may, ere this, be ascertained of their son's infamy. — Or, should they be no more, I have the tormenting anguish to be deprived of every natural protection. — But have I not thrown myself out of *that* protection which rendered a parent's care superfluous? — Once did my benefactor answer, to my repeated inquiries, after the authors of my being, " Seek not to know " what can never yield *thee* pleasure. — " Thy father is abroad; should he return, " the mystery will be explained."

ALAS! *should* he return, full of hope and transport, what will be his disappointment to find an invaluable friend made miserable by that son on whom he had rested the strongest expectation of future happiness?

happiness? — Excuse, my good sir, this liberty. — The unhappy will complain. —

Your kind attention to a wretched youth, in the moments of distress, has drawn upon you this trouble from the unfortunate

MARSHALL.

MARIA STANLEY to Lady TREVOR.

**T**HOUGH so soon expecting to meet my beloved Isabel, I cannot help writing to the latest period of her absence.

How will thy benevolent soul be gratified, to know, Maria is once more within reach of exalted happiness! — Yes, lady Trevor, your last letter, added to the endearments of a tenderly beloved husband, have entirely dissipated those clouds of apprehension which threw a heavy gloom over my hopeful prospect. — Methinks the late interruption to my felicity has but instructed me to set a greater value upon returning happiness. — Yet am I not responsible



sponsible for any omission of duty to my Stanley. — Of *that* crime my soul stands clear. — You have often opposed to my argument the *necessity* of retribution in this life, but I cannot grant your consequence, in that contended matter. — It is true, the hypocrite too often pursues the track of villainy, till, discovered by an inattention to his deep concerted plot, he exhibits to the world the grossness of his designs. — Thus much stands in favour of your adopted hypothesis. But still it may and has happened that crimes of an atrocious nature have been concealed to the latest moment of expiring guilt. — For is it not agreeable to our conceptions of almighty Greatness to suppose he may sometimes reserve to himself the privilege of rewarding or punishing, in a future

state, without exposing vice in this life or relieving suffering innocence?—May it not arise from a trial of goodness, and to prove the constant steadiness of the patient Christian, even to the languishing bed of uncomplaining faith?—On the contrary, why may not the justice, or rather mercy, of God, leave hardened wickedness unpunished to the last period, merely to try if lenient methods will not recall him to a proper sense of guilt?—But I will yet allow, in our own particular case, retribution has been strikingly held up, in the almost miraculous recovery of Beville,—the blessed effects of Marshall's confession,—the premature death of unhappy Stockley,—and, above all, my own merciful restoration to health and sense.—So that, in this retrospect, I would only wish to  
prove

prove, that rewards and punishments do not *always* take place in this world.— But are possibly sometimes intended to set forth the omnipotence of that Deity who can extend or diminish the time of our probation, according to his own wise sense of things.—*You* will forgive my seriousness upon this important subject, nor think it uncharacteristic from one who is a striking example of heaven's mercy.—Hasten, my dear friend, the moment of my confirmed felicity, which must take its date from your arrival at Burton-wood.—

*Lady*

*Lady TREVOR to MARIA STANLEY.*

**N**OW could I moralize upon the uncertainty of all sublunary enjoyments, — the benefits of that exemplary virtue, *patience*, — the advantage of disappointment to an impetuous spirit, — with a thousand et cæteras, — but, alas! all will prove insufficient to lessen my sense of this unexpected procrastination. — Provoking!

Why, my dear Maria, I must still languish, pine, and wish, and all in vain; for Sir James is obliged to take a second trip to Versailles, which may possibly detain us another month. O the mortifying effects of public consequence! — Would you think it credible that the company of



an Englishman should be coveted by his native enemies, while the two nations are aiming at the extinction of each other?— It is a positive fact, and poor Isabel's patience is a martyr to the unwelcome truth:—So far unwelcome, Maria, as it deprives me of a long-expected pleasure.—Well, it is a thousand pities this national antipathy does not subside.—The French people are, positively, many of them, friendly and good-humoured, and *all* of them *extremely* lively. — English solidity tempered with French volatility would absolutely form an excellent disposition; but I believe they are, like vinegar and oil, very difficult to mix.—From whence arose the above mentioned antipathy? — Do you know, Maria?—Stay, let me see what my sagacity can make of it.—

IN early days, our Edwards, Henrys, and the heroes of old, most certainly made our neighbours look small in their own eyes; consequently, they detested the renowned conquerors and their noble descendants, who did, and I trust ever will, make them look about them.—So much for the cause on the Gallic side of the question. — Now for old England. — If I am not misinformed, they were memorable for their punctilious performance of national treaties.—Not so the French. —An infamous breach of the most solemn agreements has rendered them despicable even to a proverb. — Upon consideration, then, we shall no longer wonder at what may seem surprising, on a transient view.—For is it not natural for a lover of truth to despise and hold in utter contempt that

that most detestable object in God's creation,—*a liar*? And may we not as easily account for French antipathy, founded on a lessening sense of their own inferiority?—*Certainly*. And, whilst this hatred to each other holds, there will ever be a foundation for feuds and animosity.—

WELL, Maria, have I analysed the latent cause with precision and justice?—Isabel is but a bungling politician. — She can, however, wish well to her country, without the smallest injustice to an enemy. — Sir James is this moment entered to take his leave of your disappointed friend.— Hear his remark upon the above performance; — or, rather, *read* it, for I have given up the pen.

Sir,

*Sir James writes.*

YES, my dear madam, lady Trevor has *indeed* given up the pen, but *not* her lively imagination. — *You* ladies beat us all to nothing in a sentimental correspondence, — We cannot attempt to contest a point in which you have so eminently the advantage. — Do not be offended, if I say, sprightliness is a certain substitute for sound learning, in ladies letters. — And I give it as my positive opinion, that the elaborate performances of men of sense are much seldomer read than the volatile lucubrations of female authors; and the *former* too often lie neglected, in our circulating libraries, while the *latter* are perused with avidity and pleasure. — Perhaps you will censure me for openly declaring



claring sentiments which, at first sight, may appear derogatory to those advantages you have received from nature and a superficial review of men and manners.— No such thing, my good madam.—I will grant your consequence in every particular relating to quickness of genius, choice of expression, and an easy flow of words properly adapted to your subjects. — But let not a woman go out of her depth — She shall declaim against the vices of the age. —She may moralize,—trifle,—and change her opinion, — as often as theameleon does his colour.—All this will I allow, It is her forte.—But, for heaven's sake, *what* has *she* to do with politics. Here has my saucy wife flourished away upon—national antipathies, — causes, — effects, — and I know not what.—And (if I dare be so  
(bold

bold) I affirm, her discussion of the laboured point proves but an imperfect display of talents which may properly be called *exotics* in the female mind.—

*Lady Trevor writes.*

AND why *exotics*? I would ask. — Supposing they are *not* the natural produce of the genial climate, it is exceedingly probable they may gain by the transition from a cold barren soil to the more fruitful regions of polished learning. You will allow us many advantages over you, in what you call superficial points. — Take care, my friend, we do not steal those vast acquisitions you value yourself so much upon, and leave nothing but the mortifying reflection to find you are surpassed

passed by the very beings whom, at present, you seem to regard but as an inferior sex, created merely as a foil to your mighty and irresistible qualifications. — Provoking creature! Would time permit, I would effectually silence your arrogant arguments. — Depend upon it, the first opportunity that offers shall be employed in vindicating those from whom you derive advantages too diffusive to be enumerated without full consideration. —

*Sir James writes.*

I AM exceeding happy that lady Trevor thinks *full* consideration necessary to be employed in the investigation of a matter so important as the advantages of a liberal education to the fair-sex. — I shall enter  
the

the lists with pleasure, and courageously contend this point with my able adversary. — Adieu, madam, depending on *your* forgiveness *at least*, I subscribe myself yours and Mr. Stanley's

Most devoted

J. T.

*Lady Trevor writes.*

No, Maria, *you* cannot forgive him, I am certain.—Is he not striking at the very root of our laudable ambition? Is he not seeking to deprive us of the very *power* to shine in our literary productions?—For, as I have somewhere read, encouragement is absolutely necessary to call forth talents which, but for the kindness of friends in drawing them out to notice, would forever lie hidden in obscurity. — I begun  
this



this letter in all the dejection consequent upon a cruel disappointment. — I shall end — in all the joy of heart-felt exultation. — Sir James has given me permission (as the time of his return is uncertain) to set out immediately for Burton-Wood. — Will you not forgive his saucy liberties with our sex? Yes, you answer. — But, my dear Maria, I must yet have the last word with him. — I think it is in my power to make him confess an equality, at least. — And that, you know would be doing a great deal, with one whose notions are at present tyrannically despotic. — Farewell, my best-beloved friend. Short will be the time intervening between me and extatic happiness. —

*Lady TREVOR to Sir JAMES TREVOR.*

**N**EVER was disappointment equal to Stanley's, when he found your Isabel alone, at Dover. — His chagrin seemed to strengthen from recollection. — Not all my *sprightly chat* could produce aught but a languid smile, and fruitless wishes that Sir James were here, to take his share of that felicity which wanted but his presence to perfect. — I told the honest man, if he were not satisfied with your representative, I would, by all means, wish him to take a trip to the continent, and use his *powerful* eloquence, (mine had already failed,) to induce you to return with him. — This naturally gave rise to a  
profusion

profusion of compliments, which I as *naturally* disclaimed.—“Certainly, (you observe) my Isabel loves not flattery.”—

Ah! sir James, I have not forgotten my promise.—The horses almost flew with us till we attained a distant view of Burton-Wood.—The sweet cottage, stripped of its leafy ornaments, appeared rising from the autumnal waste like a scene of enchantment.—With painful pleasure (if I may couple words so contrasted) did my eye run over each remarkable spot, once celebrated by my dear Maria.—Descending the hill opposite the house, (which, from its declivity, we were obliged to do with the utmost caution,) Stanley sighed,—but it was not the sigh of pleasure,—for I traced the progress of a tear along the averted cheek.—“There, lady Trevor, (he said,  
“pointing

“pointing to a venerable oak) on that  
 “fatal spot was reclined the insidious  
 “Stockley.—O what a baneful enemy to  
 “my happiness!—To what a monster did  
 “I tender the fostering hand of lenient  
 “kindness!—And yonder, my dear madam,  
 “in that rural recess, (looking upon a  
 building constructed in the line of simplicity,  
 near the charming dwelling, and which was rendered perfectly perceptible  
 from the effects of equinoctial winds,)  
 “there did I spurn, with indignant rage,  
 “my faultless wife!—never shall I forget.”  
 “—Poh, poh, friend, we must all forget  
 “the disagreeable, when such felicity a-  
 “waits us.”—It was time to rally, for my  
 companion seemed so intirely in the pen-  
 sive stile that he might have affected  
 me with the pernicious gloom. — Arrived  
 at



at the agreeable spot, I jumped from the chaise, and, leaving my dolorous companion, ran into the house and — what say you, sir James, to a pathetic description? You have allowed us a flow of words, and so forth, you know. Perhaps *I shall not go out of my depth*, when I attempt to paint a scene which *you* will possibly deem proper for a female pen. — In a neat little parlour, elegantly hung with a light chintz, and furnished with the different apparatus of geography and music, sat the friend of my heart.—Her sweet infant at her feet, diverting himself with an Italian greyhound.—Upon a sofa was reposed the venerable mother, who had given way to a sweet slumber.—Her beloved Maria was checking the dear boy, lest his playful sprightliness might awaken the good Mrs.

Stanley.—I stood for a moment contemplating the striking groupe, when Maria observed me. — But here description fails. — Not the most masterly pencil could delineate such a form as Maria Stanley's. — Her very dress gave and received grace from the happy disposition of every thing about her.—An elegant light-brown satin polanese exhibited the delicacy of a lovely complexion to the greatest advantage, and was perfectly in character, the weather being cold, for the season; which made a beautiful shawl that she wore, of her own work, (for Maria is an œconomist) the more necessary.—Her sweet languid features were for the moment animated with a rich suffusion; and those eyes, which Stanley so particularly admired, sparkled with unusual lustre. —

Henry,

Henry, entering, expressed *his* satisfaction, and protested he knew but one thing wanting to complete our happiness. — “ True (interrupted Maria) you are come alone.” — (Observe *that*, sir James, ought I not to have patience?) “ Yes, Mrs. Stanley (in a dejected accent) I am *indeed* come *alone*, my husband was determined to try the strength of your affection, and sent his poor Isabel but as the harbinger of a greater pleasure.” — This folly occasioned a general smile. — Henry’s mother, awakened by the joyful confusion, came forward to meet us. Goodness and pleasure beamed in her venerable countenance. — With grace inimitable she bid me welcome to Burton-wood. — When, in the stile of capricious mortals, we had sufficiently lamented one inconvenience, that of your

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absence,

absence, condolence gave way to animating hope and heart-felt joy.—The amiable colonel joined the happy party, in the evening, and with him came the unhappy Thompson.—My heart bleeds for that unfortunate man.—Eliza's death and Marshall's error seem to embitter every pleasing event.—Oh, but one word of Mr. Beville. — He is, in the most extensive sense of the word, all that we meet with in the polite gentleman, rational companion, and sincere friend. — The complete foldier; elegant without effeminacy,—plain without roughness.—Adored by the ladies, and esteemed by the gentlemen.—In short, my dear sir James, he is an ornament to the British army. — You bid me not wait for answers, I shall therefore write as occasion offers.

*Lady*



*Lady TREVOR to Sir JAMES TREVOR.*

I SHALL now, my dear sir James, endeavour to discharge the promise I formerly made to you.\* — Recollection will soon explain my meaning. — I shall still insist upon the capability of female genius, as it makes the caprice of your sex the more extraordinary, who would seek to deprive us of those advantages we have received from nature by confining us to a particular mode of education, which must totally exclude the possibility of enjoying that delightful pleasure, — to explore the depth of science, and render ourselves more desirable companions to those

\* See page 143 of this volume.

those who might, by their generous encouragement of female ingenuity, reap the advantage of what themselves have taught.—What narrow conceptions!—to suppose it impossible for a woman to attend, at the same time, to scholastic learning and domestic offices.—I can assign but one reason for this mode of acting, in your sex, and that will appear, perhaps, degrading.—May it not arise (in some of them,) from a sense of their own incapability, which will not permit them to attend to more than the mere drudgery of education?—Not considering the sprightliness of female talents, which, were they to receive the *same* attention, and be allowed the *same* instruction, might shine with equal splendor in all the branches even of abstruse learning.—Observe, I by no means contend for neglect in household business.—In my opinion,

opinion, there cannot be a more despicable being than a *merely-learned* woman.—Nor do I argue for the necessity of a liberal education in *all* our sex, as there are many on whom attention of that kind would be absolutely thrown away; and their situation in life will certainly preclude many more from a possibility of enjoying those advantages. — What I would insist upon is only this, that encouragement should be given to those whose laudable ambition leads them to wish for the contended opportunity of striking into the paths of knowledge. Who will dare to pronounce a woman incapable of those attainments, when acquainted with a Cowley, — Barbauld, — Griffiths, — Cartwright, — More, — and many others? — Do you think we cannot oppose those respectable names to the renowned poets of your sex. — Most certainly.—

tainly.—And I could now name fifty ladies whose performances do honour to their sex.—I was once asked by a gentleman if I would wish to see female physicians, lawyers, clergymen, &c. — Why no, to be sure.—The acquirements of those dry but necessary studies are fit *only* for your sex.—Those arts and sciences which would render us respectable and of consequence to society are what I plead for.—A woman may be an excellent proficient in music who would be a bungler at an amputation.—And she, who is a complete mistress of geography, I will allow to be totally ignorant of the art of sailing.—Again.—I would rather hear a lady repeat, with precision and grace, the sweet plaintive poetry of her own or female cotemporaries composition than have a solution from her of the most difficult points in law.—I could enlarge  
upon



upon this subject, but fear I have already brought upon me your censure.—However, I shall still endeavour to defend our prerogatives, or, rather, to contend for the *right* we have to enjoy, in an equal degree with yourselves, the benefits of a liberal education. — A few words more. — With what pleasure have I read the productions or listened to the conversation of those of my sex who have dared, in defiance of male criticism, to assert their opinions, though in flat contradiction to the doughty heroes. — And with what delight have I acceded to the sentiments of those *gentlemen* (for some there are) who have perfectly adopted the above sentiments. — Believe me, they have lost nothing by the generous acquiescence. For it is with truth I can say, those *gentlemen* were remarkable for the justice of their notions in all other matters.

matters.—I wish to heaven we could argue these points personally. — My dear friend James, hasten the time of your departure. — Read what Maria says.—“ Must business for ever intervene to deprive your friends of the only happiness wanting to complete their felicity? — Come, dear sir, and rejoice with the grateful Stanley and his happy wife.—You participated in our affliction, and kindly bore a part in those misfortunes we once thought irremediable, why not, then, take a share of that bliss to which yourself have generously contributed?”—

To the intreaties of this dear friend are added those of Stanley, his mother, and, need I add, your

I. TREVOR.

F I N I S



